

News and Gossip

ABOUT Music and Musicians

The Philharmonic Club, the oldest American male singing society in the city, will give its first concert of the season on Wednesday evening at Plymouth Church. Mr. Edward Neil, the director, has infused an enthusiasm into a perfecting of vocal drill into the members that all are confident of the coming concert eclipsing all previous attempts. The attacks have been carefully studied and the club has an abundance of tonal perfection. This is due to the fact that during the past two months of rehearsal, with sometimes two rehearsals a week, there were but two absences. This speaks well for any organization and insures a creditable performance. "Paul Revere's Ride," Longfellow's famous poem, and set to music by Dudley Buck, will be the club's principal number. The soloists in this cantata will be Frank N. Taylor and Byrdon Ryan, who will sing "Mean-while I waited to Mount and Ride" and "The Sound of Arms and the Tramp of Feet," respectively. Three part songs, "The Music of the Sea" (Moseenthal), "Belouin Song" (Boote), and "Sweet and Low" (Hansen), form the balance of the club's work on the programme. The soloists who will assist are Miss Stella Riddell, soprano, of Brazil, Ind., who will sing "Springtide," by Becker, and "From Out Thine Eyes," by Foster; Miss Gertrude Schlegel, violin virtuoso, of this city, who will play Beethoven's "Fifth Sonata," and a "Fantasia" by Leonard, and Charles F. Hansen, organist, who will play Lemons' terrific "Storm Fantasy" and the "Coronation March" by Meyerbeer. The ability of the soloists is well known, and with the club in good voice the concert should be largely attended.

The members of the Philharmonic Club are: Mr. Edward Neil, director; Mr. Charles F. Hansen, accompanist; Mr. Homer Van Winkle, president; Charles D. Green, vice president; Mr. H. M. Talbot, treasurer; Mr. E. P. Polson, secretary; Mr. C. K. Henderson, librarian; Mr. B. L. Ryan, manager; first tenor, Mr. H. H. Van Winkle; Mr. B. L. Ryan, Mr. R. C. Slaughter, Mr. C. K. Henderson, Mr. P. C. Constantine, Mr. C. O. Ryan; second tenor, Mr. H. M. Talbot; Mr. Charles A. Carlisle, Mr. C. K. Henderson, Mr. W. L. Evans, Mr. A. Jenkins, Mr. P. C. Slaughter; first bass, Mr. B. L. Johnson; Mr. C. D. Green, Mr. F. N. Taylor, Mr. H. B. Richardson, Mr. J. J. Gould, Mr. J. K. Ryan; second bass, Mr. H. W. Latt, Mr. W. F. Schelle, Mr. W. M. Kunkle, Mr. E. P. Polson, Mr. Harry Bryan, Mr. W. D. Ryan; the patronesses for the concert are Mrs. James A. Mount, Mrs. Thomas Taggart, Mrs. Caroline Winter, Mrs. E. S. Raub, Mrs. Harriet Augustus Prunk, Mrs. J. Q. Van Winkle, Mrs. Charles Mayer, Mrs. William A. Applegate, Mrs. John T. Brush, Mrs. George W. Cooney, Mrs. William M. Taylor, Mrs. John C. Baird, Mrs. A. L. Lockridge, Mrs. Martha Henderson, Mrs. E. P. Polson, Mrs. Henry C. Adams, Mrs. George E. Townley, Mrs. Louis G. Blaker, Mrs. Aquilina Jones, Mrs. S. M. Shepherd, Mrs. Benjamin H. Hays, Mrs. E. P. Polson, Mrs. Thomas C. Day, Mrs. Max Lecker, Mrs. C. G. Pierson, Mrs. Hugh H. Hanna, Mrs. George W. Cooney, Mrs. E. M. Ogle, Mrs. Chaucer L. Turner, Mrs. E. B. Baker, Mrs. P. A. Haydock, Mrs. E. S. Raub, Mrs. E. P. Polson, Mrs. Kappes, Mrs. A. Klefer, Mrs. M. M. Johnson, Mrs. Charles Krauss, Mrs. T. B. Du Bois, Mrs. J. H. Frensch, Mrs. C. D. Webb.

An orchestra whose reputation reaches from ocean to ocean had finished an afternoon concert and about twenty of its members had congregated in a large hotel room, some playing cards some practising sotto-voce, while others were talking "shop." The hotel was anything but musical when the writer entered and at once complimented those who were nearest on the masterful manner in which the orchestra had rendered Schumann's "Rhapsody." That afternoon, commenting also on the haunting influence of the symphony's leading theme. The saxophone-player, who had been packing back and forth, doubling away on an erratic run from Weber's "Oberon," which he seemed to have some difficulty in mastering, was approached by the writer. As soon as there was a pause, however, he removed his brass pipe-like instrument from his mouth and said, "Indifferent to the good man dialect, I understand that a man in Boston has finished the symphony. The effect was remarkable. The orchestra every ear seemed sensitive and singled out this one blasphemous sentence. Every one arose and hurled anathemas at the reckless 'musician.' What sacrilege! Oh, what sacrilege! To suppose that anyone could finish what a Schubert commenced. Go back to your butcher shop. That's where you belong. You're no musician," and much more to the same effect. The writer, however, without moving a hair, and when a calm set in proceeded to march as before. He put his instrument again to his lips and said, "I don't care what you read in der baper, and I believe what it read." And, though the storm broke out afresh, he stood as before. The writer, Weber cadenza, which was the last thing heard as the visitor silently withdrew.

Perhaps one of the most menacing and dangerous arguments ever given in excess of the modern "rag time" is an illustrated article in the Chicago Tribune of a week ago entitled "Samples of rag time found in the works of great masters," and written by Frederick W. Root and Emil Liebling, credited with being musical authorities. Both are able men, and Mr. Liebling yields a trenchant pen, but exception must be taken with them in this instance. The contention is made that rag time and syncopation are synonymous. It must be stated that this only holds good in the written or printed music where, for the sake of universality the ordinary form of syncopation is used and also because the negro's straggled, out-of-time rhyme, peculiar to his race, cannot be written as it is sung or played. Few of the best musicians ever attend the variety theaters, and consequently cannot speak intelligently of what they have not heard. Rag-time, the eccentricity of a lowly race, without any change except its oddity, has formed the excuse for a species of songs that long ago ought to have been condemned by those interested in the morals of the community. Little imitations are heard everywhere singing of this "baby" and her "sweet corn" and parents applauding a recital of trash that is suggestive of the extreme. Read over the words of some of this rag-time rags and many a natural ear will turn brighter in consequence. But to compare this form of so-called music to the syncopated sentences found in the masses and oratorios of Bach masters as Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Handel, Mendelssohn, Weber and Gounod and many others, is putting it mildly, very wrong. While syncopation is one of the highest forms of musical composition, and in its natural form is always excited by the action of the composer, rag-time may be considered in a most positive way the culmination of musical slang and vulgarity.

There is an increase of interest in music among the people, and as if to emphasize their disapproval of the action of the May music festival directors, they are active in other ways to make up the deficiency. Mr. George Mills, manager of the Indianapolis Military Band, and an able musician, is forming a grand chorus of mixed voices to render the grand chorals of Bach, the same that are sung every Sunday morning in Bach's old church in Leipzig. Mr. William Rich, who is now on his way to Germany, and who has access to all the old scores and manuscripts, will send Mr. Mills the music. The Bach chorals have never been sung in this country with the chorus the work demands, in Leipzig the chorus of 500 voices is assisted by an immense organ and an orchestra of fifty pieces. It is a permanent feature, supported by the Leipzig Conservatory of Music and the German government. The music is expected about the first of February, and rehearsals will begin at that time, while the production of these works will take place immediately following the Cincinnati music festival.

The Central Labor Union concerts at Tomlinson Hall given during the past two months have increased in merit, and the attendance at the last two was financially successful. As is well known, the object is a most worthy one, the furnishing of a reading room and library for workmen. The concert to be given this afternoon embraces an interesting programme. The Indianapolis Military Band has prepared several light, popular pieces, and two of the best will be played, "The Forge in the Forest," by Melkel, is a descriptive arrangement of life in a blacksmith shop. It begins with a picture of dawn, the smiths singing and the clock striking. A simple hymn is followed by the activity indicative of daily work. Mechanical effects will be introduced, and the quacking of the bellows, etc., the whole concluding with an avvil chorus finale. Another popular number is the potpourri of the gems from the new opera, "The Runaway Girl," produced here several weeks ago, and which is making a "hit" over the country. In addition to the band numbers, Miss Lulu Fisher, soprano, will sing two songs.

Even with the blessing of talent, good health is the key to the successful rendition of good music. The lack of it causes little performances and many an unjust criticism is uttered in consequence. The public is frequently to blame for artists appearing out of condition, because unless accompanied by a doctor's certificate, it demands the pound of pleasure of which the programme is the pledge. And rather than to be disappointed, the people the number is given and the performer blemishes a hard earned reputation.

Days and Players

ENGLISH'S GRAND PARK EMPIRE

To-morrow and Tuesday nights English's Opera House will be given over to a brief reign of Momus, god of laughter. Willie Collier is to play a return engagement of his bright, new farce, "Mr. Smooth," and the large audiences that enjoyed the funny lines and comical situations of this clever piece of farce will be glad to see its appearance this season as a sufficient guaranty that its return will be welcomed with equal cordiality. The list of farces written in recent years is a long one. Those that have been successful, however may be easily reckoned. It seems remarkable that one of the most laughable should have been evolved by a man whose sole business for years has been to tickle the risibilities of the theater-going public. The old adage that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client" usually applies with equal force to the actor who attempts to become his own playwright. However, the public has rendered a different verdict in the case of Mr. Collier and his farce-comedy, "Mr. Smooth."

It is always difficult and indeed sometimes dangerous to attempt to give an idea of the story contained in a farce. So much of the humor depends upon witty dialogue and queer situations that it is best to allow the public to sit down to the farce without a previous glimpse at the menu. This much may be said, however, that a good deal of fun is obtained from a case of mistaken identity, which is always so fruitful in real life as well as upon the stage. Mr. Collier has, of course, seen to it that a "fat" role should be prepared for himself, and yet he has not been altogether selfish. There are five or six important characters in his farce, and in addition, a number of agreeable little sentimental scenes scattered through it.

The company presenting "Mr. Smooth" is promised to be of a high order of excellence and it is also said that from a scenic point of view the production will be entirely satisfactory.

"The Moth and the Flame" Thursday. Clyde Fitch's strong satire on modern society, "The Moth and the Flame," will be the bill at English's Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, with Matinee Saturday. This play will be remembered by those who saw it last season as the one that contains the excruciatingly funny children's party, given by adults of New York's four hundred, attired in all varieties of juvenile costumes, and one of the finest church scenes ever displayed upon the stage. The children's party is intended as a dab at the follies and foibles of modern fashionable society, and furnishes unbounded amusement.

Tenors and sight readers still form the ebb of musical perfection. At the National Eldested singing contests, held at Cincinnati on the 1st of this month, all tenors were ruled out as not being within the pale of competitive music. The entries at all for the prize of sight reading.

David Gibson, of this city, says in a recent essay on music: "True art criticism comes only from the art creator." This statement is pronounced by the treatment Wagner received from the dilettante critics in his early life in contrast to the sympathy extended him by the great Liszt.

Perfect the pianissimo. No other mode of expression so intensely commands the attention of an audience. It is acquired by practice, study and perfect self-control. The forte needs no comment. Self-esteem will not induce the pianissimo. It does not make any more noise than you do.

The concert which was to have been given by Mr. Julia Rive-King at the German House next Tuesday evening has been suddenly postponed. Arrangements are being made for another visit of this great musician next season.

Miss Jessie Griggs, teacher of vocal music in the Monticello Female Seminary near St. Louis, who has been spending the holidays at the home of J. B. Griggs in Irvington, will sing at Plymouth Church this morning.

Mrs. Shaler, wife of Maj. Charles Shaler, of the United States Arsenal, will sing the offertory at Christ Church this morning.

At the Theater. Washington Post. He was a large, corn-fed man, and he sat in the very middle of the row, six feet back from the stage. It was an evening. She was a sweet-faced girl, three seats nearer the aisle. She wore a guaze, bespangled gown, and she held in her lap a tall and fat, but an opera-glass back, and an evening wrap. The corn-fed man came in late, and she had to stand up and make room for him. She had to stand again when he went out after the first act. She had to get up another time when he came in at the beginning of the second act. She rose to let him pass out when the second act was over. She rose when he returned after the third act was under way. This time it occurred to the corn-fed man, who during all this time, had spoken no word of apology, that he ought to say something. "Beg pardon for disturbing you," he grunted, as he made a wreck of the fur and tulle hat and loosened half the spangles on the guaze gown.

"Don't mention it," she said sweetly, with a distinctness that made her words distinctly audible four rows back. "Don't mention it. I enjoy it so much." The corn-fed man sat stock still in his seat until the end of the play, and his ears flared like a rich, red, tropical sunset.

Moody's Early Ignorance. New York Christian Advocate. We have known Dwight Lyman Moody since he was a two-year-old boy, and some of the most interesting accounts began, outside of a well-defined and narrow sphere of knowledge, he was so ignorant that he could not read. He was a member of the Christian Associations for some time, when a motion was made to go into a committee of the whole. How can there be a committee of the whole? And what do we want of it? Ain't we all here, anyhow? His speech then was that of an uneducated down east Yankee, with all the idioms of the stock company who he knew better English than he could speak, and used to say that the spirit had meant to make the most of Moody, he could, but it would be some time before he could make much of him.

The Hot Baked Bean. Oh! a dainty thing is the hot baked bean, And it greases right to the spot. With a stab of rich pork for its crown, And a dash of the most delicate green. Of garden truck is not. Who needs such a victim of bile? Who needs such a victim of bile? Who needs such a victim of bile? Who needs such a victim of bile? The lumberman droppeth his shining ax When he heareth the whistle blow, And straight for the shanty he maketh his way, Through the pine woods or laden with snow. On the prairie the cook climbs the mess wagon, yells, And the cowboy, with appetite keen, Spurs his broncho amain, for wind-borne, Assurance most sweet of the bean. Quickest of all moves of that day, I deem, Are moved at the call of the hot baked bean. Where'er there occurs a fierce vacuum In the middle of Boston's interior, For well doth she know the correct pabulum And acorneth all vicarious inferior. And giveth her a pleasure serene, There's naught like the vacuum under the vest. For the housewife on top of the bean, Food for an emperor, king or queen, Oh! a dainty thing is the hot baked bean. —Chicago Record.

managed to stammer out something or other, then hastened to get into the parlor car as soon as possible. Once in the car took seats at the far end and settled down for the ride. Pretty soon the porter came from the other end of the car, where the gubernatorial party were sitting, and placed a table in front of him. His next move overwhelmed us with surprise, for he brought a hamper of elegantly-prepared food and a couple of bottles of most excellent wine and deposited them among our party, saying "With the governor's compliments, Mr. Coghlan, I thought this was too much and was about to protest against imposing upon the Governor of a State to such an extent, when I quietly suggested to him that it would be disastrous to admit at this juncture that he was traveling under the name of Coghlan falsely. So we made the best of it, and enjoyed the hospitality that did not really belong to us. I have often wondered since, in the case of Mr. Coghlan, whether the death and the story of our deception were printed in the newspapers just what Governor Sayres said when he read all about it."

"We had another ludicrous experience while we were in San Antonio. Our advance man had engaged a suite of rooms for Mr. and Mrs. Coghlan and their daughter, and a single room on another floor for my use. When we arrived at the hotel I registered Mr. Robson as Mr. Coghlan, and asked what they could do for us the way of rooms. The clerk said: 'We have reserved the bridal suite for the Coghlands, and a room on the floor above for my Mr. Reed, according to instructions of your advance agent.' I thanked him, and went up stairs at the apartments. The bridal suite consisted of a front parlor bedroom and a back room, with flimsy curtains between, hanging from a large arch. In the two rooms were three beds. I gave Robson my room upstairs. I got room and board at a private house near by and Miss Coghlan occupied two large apartments, with three beds, at \$10 per day during our sojourn in San Antonio—only because of that horrible deception. We were practicing Shakespeare was right when he said, 'Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.'"

The London Theaters. LONDON, Jan. 6.—Beerhorn Tree on Wednesday will replace "King John" with a "Midsummer Night's Dream," which is treated as a fairy play and beautifully staged. A feature of the production which is awaited with the greatest curiosity and interest is the appearance of Louie Freear as Puck. Miss Freear is the dwarfish and stumpy character of the same name whose great success was as a "slavay" in the "Gay Parisienne," and who is the creator of the song, "Garry Jolly." She recently appeared in the "Man in the Moon" at New York. Charles Frohman has engaged Charles Hawtry for a tour of America in 1900. Hawtry is considered the cleverest comedian in London, where he has long occupied a unique position. He has been engaged by Edna May sailed for home on the St. Paul to-day. De Wolf Hopper has engaged twenty of the "Bole of New York" chorus to remain in London in "The Mystical Miss." Kyrie Bellew is mysteriously ill and has been ordered abroad.

Gossip About Home Playhouses. Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag." Hopkins' Transcendents and Williams and Walker are all coming to the Park in the near future.

Next week the stock company will revive "Married Life," a rare old English comedy, which was last produced in a notable manner by Stuart Robson, seven or eight years ago.

The Park is to have "McFadden's Row of Flats," a hilarious farce-comedy, sponsored by Gus Hill, and "Just Before Dawn," one of Lincoln J. Carter's sensational melodramas next week, in the order named.

Lewis Morrison, who was for so long identified with his magnificent production of "Faust," comes to English's next Friday and Saturday in a new play, "Freddy the Great." It is a spectacular comedy. There will also be a Saturday matinee.

"Phroso," the unique play, based on Anthony Hope's novel of the same name, will be the bill at English's Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, with a matinee Wednesday. Miss Odette Tyler, one of Charles Frohman's stars, heads the cast.

Up at St. John's, N. B., a stock company played "The Trust of Society" last week, with great success. Some of the Eastern stock companies are going quite extensively into the revival of melodramas, such as "Around the World in Eighty Days" and "Lights of London."

Stage People Generally. Sarah Bernhardt is back in Paris, playing Hamlet.

Haddon Chambers is reported to have named his new play "The Awakening."

David Belasco is seriously contemplating the erection of a theater of his own in New York.

"Les Miserables" will be played this week in Paris, France, at the Porte St. Martin Theater.

Marie Walnwright has withdrawn from the "Mile. Pitt" company and her place was filled by Lisle Leigh.

May Buckley is back in New York from a London success in "San Toy." She will play in "Hearts are Trumps."

Creston Clarke recently presented his new play, "The Last of His Race," to two large audiences at Marion, Ind.

Richard Dorney, Ada Rehan's manager, says that the proposed tour of his star may be deferred to the next season.

Adelaide Hermann has received an offer of an indefinite engagement in Paris, France, and will probably accept it.

Robert B. Mantell makes his stage debut as the sergeant in "Arrah-na-Pogue" at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, in 1872.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott begin rehearsals this week of their new play, "Where Were Twenty-one," by Henry V. Esmond.

Primrose and Duckett's minstrels will open a London season at the Shaftesbury in June, and later may visit South Africa and Australia.

Harry A. Smith, recently with the Roland Reed company, has been engaged by the Broadhurst brothers to manage "Why Smith Let Home."

The Wagner Theater, at Bayreuth, Germany, has been condemned as unsafe and its use next summer has been forbidden by the local authorities.

Lotta Linthum has resigned from the "Royal Box" Company and has gone to New York, instead of spraining her ankle, as stated by her manager.

Anna Held will appear in Paris next June in a new play by the French author Hennequin, and will produce the same piece in English in this country next season.

Joseph Le Brandt is putting the final touches to his new play, "Caught in the Web." His "On the Stroke of Twelve" played to capacity houses at the Park a few weeks ago.

James K. Hackett's letter of complaint, which was published in a New York paper recently, has resulted in the "separate register" for theatrical people in a Terre Haute hotel being abolished.

"All the Comforts of Home," which was the second offering of last season's stock company in this city, is being prepared for an elaborate revival on a road tour which will begin Jan. 15, starting from New York.

Brandon Hurst, who found himself suddenly out of a position owing to the illness of Roland Reed, has been engaged to re-

"Said the Old Year to the New"

(By our own Cartoonist.)

